

cup. We must teach our children habits of reflection and self-command. We must accustom them from childhood to the yoke of Christ, who wishes His mystical members to be able to adapt themselves to a Head crowned with thorns, to Feet and Hands pierced with nails, and to a Tongue moistened with gall and vinegar. Above all, we must put before their eyes deeds of practice.

Would to God there were only one John the Baptist in every city, town and village, and this beautiful land of ours would no longer be a valley of tears, a country filled with the agonizing lamentations of widows, orphans, broken-hearted wives and children.

*"Vox in Rama audita est, ploratus et ululatus
Rachel plorans filios suos."*

FR. O'BRIEN.



"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"

"Sure, I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."

"Tell me," said a lady to an old soldier, "when you were in the army, were you cool in time of danger?"

"Cool?" answered the truthful veteran, "I fairly shivered."

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned, solemnly; "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."